

Social and Personal.

My Autumn Girl.

Warm as the sunshine that broods o'er the earth,
Pure as the hour frost at morning;
St. Martin's summer encompassed her birth—
Ah, is her love for me dawning?

Brown of the chestnut's silken-lined hair,
Red of the autumn-tinted creeper;
The autumnal tints of her—
Deep in my heart may I keep her!

Strong as the west wind from over the hills,
Sweet as the ripe grapes she shelter,
Gay as the laughter of autumn-tinted rills—
God send the ray that shall melt her!

Rich as the harvest in love and in truth,
Nut-sweet, and wine-warm, and tender—
Whether she love me or scorn me, in truth,
God in his goodness defend her.

—Marion Ames Taggart.

Wright—Wright.

An event of much interest to many Richmond people to-day will be the wedding of Miss Mayme Butler Wright to Mr. Melville Garland Wright, of this city, the wedding to be celebrated at 6:30 P. M., in St. Margaret's Chapel, Ruthven Glen, Va., by the Rev. J. J. Haley, of Seventh Street Christian Church, Richmond, Va.

Miss Jane Holliday McCarthy, of this city, will be maid of honor, and Mr. Julian L. Snyder, of Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., the best man. The wedding will be attended by a number of Richmond society people.

Glee Club Entertained.

The Northside Glee Club was delightfully entertained Monday evening last, by Misses Josie and Mary Booth, the entertainment taking the form of a Halloween celebration.

The guests appeared as ghosts. Fortune telling, bobbing for apples and various other tests engendered fun during the early evening hours.

Later, participants were invited into the dining room, beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, and hung around with Jack O'Lanterns. Delicious refreshments were served. Among those present were: Miss Hazel Jude, Miss Emma Quarles, Miss Rhonda Long, Miss Ethel Kelly, Miss Daisy and Miss Lucille Gillespie, Miss Pearl Burton, Miss Sallie Woodson, Mrs. Day, Miss Day, Misses Josie and Mary Booth; Messrs. Bernard and Norman Jude, Mr. Clayton Bowman, Mr. George Booth, Mr. Gay, Mr. John Holden, Mr. Richard Toomey, Mr. John Dickerson, Mr. Edgar H. Gillespie, George Kelly and Mr. Willie Gillespie. The next meeting of the club will be held Tuesday evening, November 14th, with Mrs. Emma Quarles, at No. 2509 East Clay Street. All members are urged to attend, as the meeting is to be one of importance.

Royer—Hough.

Tuesday afternoon, in the residence of the bride, Miss Ethel Wilson Hough, the daughter of Mrs. M. L. Hough, and Mr. John B. Royer were quietly married.

The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. J. Malcolm Hough, the groom being attended by Mr. Robert C. Royer, of Roanoke.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop John C. Granbery, the cousin of the bride. Mr. Royer is connected with the Norfolk branch of the Old Dominion Steamship Company.

After a trip, which will include Northern cities and Southern winter resorts, Mr. and Mrs. Royer will be at home to their friends at No. 272 York Street, Norfolk, Va.

Hancock—Harris.

Miss Emma Harris, daughter of the late Dr. H. H. Harris, and Mr. James Henry Hancock, a well known citizen of Lynchburg, Va., were married in the chapel of Richmond College last night at 8 o'clock, the Rev. M. L. Hough, and Mr. John B. Royer, of the Second Baptist Church, officiating.

The bride, gowned in white peau de cygne, trimmed in lace and pearl applique, came in with her brother, Dr. W. A. Harris, of Richmond College. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. R. E. Gaines, as matron of honor. Mrs. Gaines wore pale gray, en princess and en traine, and of pink chrysanthemums.

The bridesmaids were: Miss Isabel Harris, Miss Emma Harris, Miss Pauline Powers, of Richmond; Miss Mary Harris, of Culpeper; Miss Sue Adams and Miss Mary Chesnut, of Lynchburg; Miss Edith Hatcher, of Carey Hall, and Miss Lena Ruff, of Powhatan. They were in pink and white, with white mull over pink, pink thirty-six, and bouquets of pink chrysanthemums.

Mr. Richard Hancock, of Lynchburg, attended his brother as best man. The groomsmen were: Mr. J. J. Scott, Mr. P. Patterson, and Mr. W. R. Williams, of Lynchburg; Dr. W. H. Dew, Dr. Rawlings and Dr. J. R. Hunter, of Richmond College; Mr. Melver Woody, of Louisville, Ky.; Mr. S. E. Bibb, of Bedford. Ushers included Mr. H. H. Harris, Dr. C. T. Harris, Dr. W. B. Thornhill, Mr. G. H. Thornton, Mr. R. J. Hancock, of Lynchburg, and Professor R. E. Gaines, of the college.

Fitz-Hugh—McCloy.

Miss Ethel McCloy and Mr. Alvin Fitz-Hugh will be married this evening at 8 o'clock in Clay Street Methodist Church.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCloy, Mr. Fitz-Hugh is a successful young business man, with headquarters at Charlotte, N. C.

Annual Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Huguenot Society, held Tuesday at noon in the First Presbyterian Church, the officers elected were: Mrs. T. A. Cary, president;

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 331.

A More Ancient Mariner.

By BLISS CARMAN.

William Bliss Carman was born in Fredericton, N. B., in 1861, and is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick. He lives in New York. He has been editorially connected with periodicals, including the New York Independent, and the Chautauque of Chicago. He frequently contributes to the magazines, and has published several books. His "Songs from Vagabondia," in which he collaborated with Richard Hovey, have a distinctive beauty and charm. The following is an extract.



HE swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly velvet rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His filmy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

He harries the ports of the Hollyhocks,
And levies on poor Sweetbrier;
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox,
And the Rose is his desire.

He hangs in the willows a night and a day;
He rifles the buckwheat patches;
Then battens his store of self galore
Under the tautest hatches.

He woos the Poppy and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily.

There's not a soul in the garden world
But wishes the day was shorter,
When Mariner B. puts out to sea
With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say! But I have my doubts;
For the flowers are only human,
And the valor and gold of a vagrant bold
Were always dear to woman.

He never could see the Rule of Three,
But he knows a rule of thumb
Better than Euclid's, better than yours,
Or the teacher's yet to come.

He knows the smell of the hydromel
As if two and two were five;
And hides it away for a year and a day
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, haphazard, alone,
Booms the old vagrant hummer,
With only his whim to pilot him
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He drones along with his rough sea song
And the throat of a salty tar,
This devil-may-care till he makes his lair
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord
And works like a Trojan hero;
Then loafs all winter upon his hoard,
With the mercury at zero.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Mrs. Lewis, first vice-president; Mrs. Landon B. Mason, second vice-president; Mrs. George A. Lyon, third vice-president; Mrs. Halburton, treasurer; Miss Guillaume, corresponding secretary; Miss Bernies, recording secretary. The society unanimously decided to continue to support the minister in France. A business meeting will be held at Miss Guillaume's Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

Vaiden—McMullan.

Mr. Ernest Warren Vaiden and Miss

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER, IF NOT NOW.

THE WHITE COMPANY

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

When at last a dip of the road hid it from his view, he cocked his steel cap, shrugged his broad shoulders, and rode on with laughter in his eyes, and his weather-beaten face all aglow with pleasant memories. John also rode in silence, but his eyes wandered slowly from one side of the road to the other, and he stared and pondered and nodded his head like a traveller who makes his notes and saves them up for the re-telling.

"By the road!" he broke out suddenly, shaking his thigh with his great red hand. "I knew that there was something a-missing, but I could not bring to my mind what it was."

"What was it then?" asked Alleyne, coming with a start out of his reverie.

"Why, it is the hedgerows," roared John, with a shout of laughter. "The country is all serrated as clear as a glass. But indeed I cannot think much of the folk in these parts. Why do they not get to work and dig up these long rows of black and crooked stumps which I see on every hand? A franklin of Hampshire would think shame to have such litter upon his soil."

"Thou foolish old John!" quoth Alleyne. "You should know better, since I have heard that the monks of Beaulieu could squeeze a good cap of wine from their own grapes. Know then that if these rows were dug up, the wealth of the country would be gone, and maybe there would be dry throats and galling

mouths in England, for in three months' time these black roots will blossom and shoot and burgeon, and from them will come many a good ship-load of Medoc and Gascony which will cross the narrow sea. But are the church in the hollow, and the folk who cluster in the churchyard? By my hill! it is a burial, and there is a passing bell." He pulled off his steel cap as he spoke and crossed himself, with a muttered prayer for the repose of the dead.

"There too," remarked Alleyne, as they rode on again. "That which seems to the eye to be dead is still full of the sap of life, even as the vines were. Thus God hath written Himself and His laws very broadly on all that is around us, if our poor dull eyes and duller souls could but read what He hath set before us."

"Hut mon petit," cried the bowman, "you take me back to the days when you were new-fledged, as sweet a little chick as ever pecked his way out of a henhouse."

"I had feared that in gaining our debonair young man-at-arms we had lost our I have turned to serve an earthly master, and to carry arms for an earthly king. It would be an ill thing if I were to lose all thought of the great high

King and Master of all, whose humble and unworthy servant I was even in the forest. You, John, also from the forest, but I trust that you do not feel that you have deserted the old service in taking on the new."

"I am a slow-witted man," said John, "and, in sooth, when I try to think about such matters it casts a gloom upon me. Yet I do not look up myself as a worse man in an archer's jerkin than I was in a white cowl, if that be what you mean."

"You have but changed from one white company to the other," quoth Alleyne. "But, by these ten finger-bones, it is a passing strange thing to me to think that you walked forth from the forest, and you, John, like a great red-limbed overgrown moon-calf, and now here you are as sprack a squire and as lusty an archer as ever passed down the highway."

"I have never seen a man like you, John, what the reason was why you should come out of Beaulieu."

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